

NATIONAL RECORDER.

"Nec araneorum sane texus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes."

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VOL. III.

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PROFITS OF TRADE.

*Translated for the National Recorder from Say's
"Traité d'Economie Politique."*

As to the nature of the values which one country takes from another, whether they be in money, in ingots, or in any other merchandise, the form is of no importance to either country—or rather, it is important for them to leave it to private persons to withdraw these values under the form most agreeable to themselves, because that form is undoubtedly the most advantageous to both nations.

The agents of the English East India Company take from that great country either annual revenues, or a collected fortune, which they return to England to enjoy. They take good care not to carry it there in gold or silver, because the precious metals are worth more in Asia than in Europe: they convert it into East India merchandise, upon which they make a profit upon their arrival in Europe, and by this means, a sum of one million of francs that they carry with them, will perhaps be worth 1,200,000 on their arrival at home. Europe acquires by this operation 1,200,000 francs, and India loses but one million. If the depredators of the Indies wished to carry these 1,200,000 francs in specie, they would be obliged to carry from Indostan perhaps 1,500,000 francs, which in England would not be worth more than 1,200,000. It is idle to amass a sum in specie; it is only transported by changing it into that kind of merchandise which it is most convenient to transport. While it is permitted to take from a country any merchandise whatever (and this exportation is always looked upon with favour), merchants may take from that country without difficulty all the revenue and all the capital that they had amassed. For a government to prevent this, it would be necessary to interdict all foreign commerce, and then fraud would open a way.*

* If it were possible to prevent the exportation of all things possessing a value, the nation

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It is a thing really ridiculous to those who possess a knowledge of political economy, to see governments cling to money, in order to retain riches in the country.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

Justice would be better administered, if our magistrates served for a fixed salary. As the law now regulates their wages, it offers inducements to them to encourage litigation and quarrels. The magistrate receives a certain sum for each oath administered, each warrant made out, and each commitment to prison, &c. &c. Some years ago the effects of such a method of paying a salary were exemplified in a most shocking manner. A magistrate in the Northern Liberties observed two men fighting in the street near his house. He sent and had them separated and brought in. One of them was in a most violent rage, and swore repeatedly and most violently at the other. The magistrate sat by in silent attention, and without a reprimand or an injunction of silence calmly noted down every oath. The man at last became exhausted, and the assault and battery was considered and settled. But as the parties were about to go away, the man who had sworn was arrested by the magistrate, who stated that he had uttered thirty-three oaths, and imposed upon him the legal penalty for each of them, which, being unable to pay, he was sent to prison on *thirty-three separate commitments*. One of the inspectors of the prison coming in shortly afterwards, was astonished at seeing so great a number of new commitments in one day, and examining them found that they related to the same man. Indignant at the sight, he moved the man by habeas corpus before chief justice Tilghman, who sent for the

would not be at all advanced; for free communications procure greater values than those which are carried away. Values or riches are in their natures fugitive and independent. They cannot be shut up; they vanish through all impediments, and increase in perfect freedom.

B b

magistrate, and after a severe reprimand of his diabolical cupidity, discharged the culprit, declaring that the law could not countenance so great a perversion of justice.

F. P.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

There is a great deal lost by a slovenly, careless way of doing business. It is not enough to be frugal and industrious; if we do not keep our affairs in regular good order, it is almost impossible to get along in the world. Many people neglect their accounts, and put off the collection of debts, because it is not very agreeable to be a dupe, and sometimes because they do not exactly know who owes them, and are too much in a hurry to spare time to examine their books. The following is a true story, and was told me by the gentleman who paid the money. It happened about thirty or forty years ago.

***** was always very industrious at his work, but was noted for the unsettled state of his accounts. When he knew that a man was considerably in his debt, he would ask for a less sum *on account*; but most people found it impossible to have any regular settlement with him; he left all that trouble to his executors. With a great deal owing to him, he would borrow money at a considerable premium rather than collect his accounts. He came to me once, and stated some particular occasion that he had for money, and desired me to lend him a hundred pounds. I told him that I would do no such thing, but that if he would go home and make out his bill against me, I would immediately pay him. Whether he made further unsuccessful trials to borrow, or what other cause made him take so resolute a measure I don't know, but he returned to me in a few hours with his bill made out. To his great surprise, he said, it amounted to *more than one hundred pounds*. I was not at all surprised, and paid him the money; but I believe this circumstance made little impression, for he went on in the same way afterwards."

R.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

Notes of information, now first published, respecting the channels and currents of the Delaware; obtained during the inquiry that was prosecuted before the public, on occasion of the bridge intended to be erected across the harbour of Philadelphia.

When the tide sets up the river from Gloucester Point, its greatest pressure, es-

pecially when accompanied with driving ice, makes up the eastern or Jersey channel, leaving the western or city channel comparatively free during tide of flood. When the current sets downward, on the contrary, the great force of the stream, issuing from between Petty's Island and Cooper's Point, strikes across the Jersey channel, and scours the bay or elbow near the mouth of Cohocksink creek, between Kensington and the city. In consequence of this circumstance, the ship channel is said to be in that abrupt angle 12 or 13 fathoms deep. It sweeps the wharves downwards, till it reaches Chesnut street wharf, where the depth of water is about ten fathoms—bottom muddy—anchorage indifferent. Soon after passing this spot in the stream, where the narrow passage between the island and the wharves begins (in its present state no more than eight or nine hundred feet over), and immediately after crossing what was once the Draw-bridge creek or inlet, the current is perceived to set off from the land; and when it reaches the shipyards in Southwark, the channel widens, and the depth decreases proportionally, until, about half a mile below the navy yard, there is little more than five fathom water, upon a solid bar, which extends transversely across the bed of the river (here a mile and a half wide) from the southernmost point of Windmill island to the mouth of Newtown creek, above Gloucester Point. In the contracted passage at that spot, the channel suddenly deepens to eight fathoms; but it soon shallows again between that and Fort Mifflin, where the river is not less than two miles over, and liable in its whole width to shifting sands.

From all these facts it is evident that a bridge, or any other obstruction of the eastern channel, opposite the sand bars, which have been longitudinally deposited in the middle of the stream, must, of necessity, deepen the western channel (already too deep for convenient anchorage in so contracted a space) and deposit the sand or mud, which will be consequently scooped up from the bottom of the same, upon the permanent bar which has been heretofore formed, as abovementioned, between the city and Gloucester Point.

All human calculations of the possible effects of thwarting currents, or breaking up the natural beds of rivers, being altogether presumptive and precarious, little can be pleaded for the erection of a bridge upon the tide waters of the Delaware, any where near, much less below, the only sea-

port of the state, upon which therefore its prosperity essentially depends, until the wants or necessities of an overgrown population on both sides of the river, may one day imperiously require it.

If that should ever be the case at Philadelphia (now no longer the metropolis of the union, or even the capital of the state, and already dividing all its advantages with New York on one side, and Baltimore on the other) it will be of primary importance to the good people of Pennsylvania, as well as to the inhabitants of their only port of entry, that a bridge—a real and effective bridge, forming an actual communication from shore to shore—not one whose pretensions to public accommodation are altogether supposititious and illusory, should be fixed where it would not at any rate encroach upon their harbour, much less *endanger its future usefulness and sufficiency*, by a chain of incumbrances, which, once planted therein, can never be effectually eradicated:—for the inconsiderate and unnecessary creation of which, the posterity of those citizens who are now on the stage of action, may unavailingly regret the improvidence of their ancestors, and have reason to slight the memory of *the present generation*, to all futurity. T.

A correspondent observes that the *finger alphabet* made use of by the deaf and dumb pupils of Mr. Seixas, is the same that is used in the schools of the deaf and dumb at Paris; and asks how would this do for a *universal language*? He forgets that, in Paris, they speak French by this means. There are already many languages written with the same characters.

Record.

The following sound and able expression is part of the answer of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts to governor Brook's speech.

It is really cheering to see the true principles of economy, so ably and at the same time so temperately set forth, in opposition to the violent and misguided clamour which has filled the middle states for a year past, and which had so nearly overcome the wisdom of Congress.

"We are aware, with your excellency, of the immense importance of giving free scope to the enterprise and industry of individuals in every pursuit. Laws affecting the occupations of men should not be made with a view to increase the profits either of merchants, manufacturers or farmers alone, at the expense of the public, since each class is only a part of the community; but to promote the interests of consumers, for they are the whole; every person, whatever

may be his particular employment, making use of some of the productions of all these classes. The only legitimate object of legislation on this subject, beyond that of raising a revenue for the public service, is to render the productions of every occupation ultimately cheaper and more abundant. Nothing can be more effectual for this purpose, than to facilitate the means of internal and external commerce, which cannot be successfully attempted on any other principle than reciprocity. For, though some theorists have assumed it as self evident, that the exchange of exact equivalents in value cannot be profitable to either party, just reasoning, no less than experience, shows that it is in truth profitable to both. The fundamental principles of a republic, and sound policy in all governments, require them to leave industry unshackled, by giving equal protection to every pursuit, and permanent and exclusive privileges to none. A different course, particularly in a free elective government, would be productive of a series of evils, in which even the favoured class would be finally involved, by the reaction that would quickly follow so unequal and unsound a mode of legislation. It is undoubtedly true, that the welfare of the state is not within the control of its own councils. The exclusive power of regulating commerce, in which we are deeply interested, we have given to the legislature of the United States; and in so doing, we were governed by the necessity of having an equal and uniform system for the whole nation, and of furnishing the most efficient and easy means of obtaining a revenue. Entertaining the strongest belief, that the interests of commerce were inseparably connected with those of agriculture, and with the general prosperity of the nation, we trusted, that we should always be secure against any injurious exercise of that important power. Fears have recently been created, lest the influence exerted by powerful combinations of individuals concerned in manufacturing establishments, might induce the national legislature to impose large, or prohibitory, duties on the importation of various foreign products, for the plausible purpose of encouraging American manufactures. But is it to be believed, that a wise legislature will ever adopt a measure, whose tendency would be, to diminish exports as well as imports, and thus depress commerce and agriculture; to force capital into new channels, to compel labour to abandon or change its employments, and thus break in upon the habits and happiness of large portions of citizens; to enhance the price of manufactures, diminishing at the same time the means of purchase, and thus tax the consumer; to lessen the revenue arising from duties on imported goods, and thus render a resort to internal taxation necessary; in fine, to aid one comparatively small class of the community, at the expense of all the rest! Such a course would do violence to the spirit, if not to the letter of our free constitution, and would be a dereliction of those sound principles of legislation, which our former experience had shown to be correct. It would be singular indeed, if in this enlightened country and at this period of our history, we should fall into errors, that belong only to the dark ages of political economy, and which partly by the light of our own example, seem now about to be exploded throughout Europe. We also be-

lieve this artificial aid to the manufacturer, is as unnecessary as it would be unjust and unwise. It is demonstrated by the example of the largest and most important manufacturing establishment in this vicinity, that when sustained by capital and skill, they are already among the most profitable pursuits in the country; and we cannot forbear to state the fact, that the most intelligent and most largely interested individuals concerned in them, do not wish this kind of encouragement. They are satisfied it would be temporary and fallacious, and are willing, like the farmer and merchant, to rely upon their own enterprise, industry and skill, under the equal protection of the laws. They are sensible, that, in this way only, they shall acquire a sound and healthy existence; that if forced by artificial means to an earlier maturity, they would be out of season, and would cost many times more than if produced in a more natural method."

Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.—Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, Rev. James Milnor and Charles G. Haines, esq. have been appointed a committee by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, to devise a more improved system of instruction than is now adopted.

This institution continues to flourish under the smiles of public patronage and private benevolence, and produces the most interesting and salutary results. From the recent period at which the institution of the deaf and dumb commenced in this country, it is very natural to suppose that the present system of imparting instruction is susceptible of great improvements. We have no doubt but the gentlemen who have been selected for this purpose, will be faithful in the discharge of them, and furnish an excellent report.

[*N. Y. Com. Adv.*]

The four schooners recently captured on the coast of Africa, and sent into this port by captain Trenchard, of the United States ship Cyane, are all libelled by the United States marshal of this district, viz: The Endymion, Esperanza, Plattsburgh and Science. They are charged with having been engaged in the slave trade, in contravention of the laws of the United States.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Neill, captain Edward M. Donaldson, to Miss Mary Campbell, daughter of the late James Campbell, esq.

Miscellany.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE SNOW STORM.

"'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man."—*Henry Mackenzie.*

In summer there is a beauty in the wildest moors of Scotland, and the wayfaring man who sits down for an hour's rest, beside some little spring, that flows unheard through the brightened moss and water-cresses, feels his weary heart revived by the silent, serene, and solitary prospect. On every side, sweet sunny spots of verdure smile towards him from among the melancholy heather—unexpectedly in the solitude,

a stray sheep, it may be, with its lambs, starts half alarmed at its motionless figure—insects large, bright and beautiful, come careering by him through the desert air—nor does the wild want its own songsters, the grey linnet, fond of the blooming furze, and now and then the lark mounting up to heaven, above the summits of the green pastoral hills. During such a sunshiny hour, the lonely cottage on the waste seems to stand in a paradise; and, as he rises to pursue his journey, the traveller looks back and blesses it with a mingled emotion of delight and envy. There, thinks he, abide the children of innocence and contentment, the two most benign spirits that watch over human life.

But other thoughts arise in the mind of him who may chance to journey through the same scene in the desolation of winter. The cold bleak sky girdles the moor as with a belt of ice; life is frozen in air and on earth. The silence is not of repose but extinction—and should a solitary human dwelling catch his eye, half buried in the snow, he is sad for the sake of them whose destiny it is to abide far from the cheerful haunts of men, shrouded up in melancholy, by poverty held in thrall, or pining away in unvisited and untended disease.

But, in truth, the heart of human life is but imperfectly discovered from its countenance; and before we can know what the summer or what the winter yields for enjoyment or trial to our country's peasantry, we must have conversed with them in their fields and by their firesides; and made ourselves acquainted with the powerful ministry of the seasons, not over those objects alone that feed the eye and the imagination, but over all the incidents, occupations and events that modify or constitute the existence of the poor.

I have a short and simple story to tell of the winter life of the moorland cottager—a story but of one evening—with few events and no signal catastrophe—but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is, to think on the humble underplots that are carrying on in the great drama of life.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire, one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-labourers, who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent free, with their little gardens, won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer walls covered with the richest honey-suckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end-window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were

now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack; and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully, as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case, across the yellow sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes—the morning, mid-day, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the labourer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece, was seen lying an open Bible, ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together, without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness, for on this Saturday-night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills.—This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them “her sair-worn penny fee,” a pittance which, in the beauty of her girl-hood, she earned singing at her work, and which, in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labour a tortoise shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time when inevitable selfishness, mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had felt so long; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she was beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer. The parents whom before she had only loved, her expanding heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor parents now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat, and went to the door, to look out into the night. The stars were

in thousands—and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow, that seemed encrusted with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant castle woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child; but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and returning to the fireside, they began to talk of her whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

“She is growing up to be a bonny lassie,” said the mother, “her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring kept her down awhile, but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth.”—“Aye, Agnes,” replied the father, “we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her?—Why I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the examination in the kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing. I well think she has all the Bible by heart—indeed, she has read but little else—only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some o' the auld sangs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any lave-rock.” “Aye, were we both to die this very night she would be happy. Not that she would forget us, all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy. None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make friends o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the father o' them on earth whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they, for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive? Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So dounce and thoughtful a child—but never sad nor miserable—ready, it is true, to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms toward her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair, and letting it all fall down in clusters before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch!”

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sigh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash tree under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally, as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow, glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that

half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driven with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weather-wise. A storm is coming down from the Cairnbraehawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for its former labours—and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be crossing the Black Moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not, but she at least knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death. "Lord have mercy on us, James, what will become of our poor bairn!"—But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls around her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black Moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Skrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears, but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bold-

er every step that brought her nearer to her parent's house. But the snow storm had now reached the Black Moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself, but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills.—"What will become of the poor sheep," thought she—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity of others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot print of a wild fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath, and exhausted, and shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake for fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow—of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor—and, in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her—so were the flowers of the earth. She had been happy at her work—happy in her sleep—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, and in her own heart was a spring of happiness—pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this—she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror, the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's prayer." And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered beneath its ineffectual cover, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name—thy kingdom come—thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little amiable child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in heaven—then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father

was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow drift, was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cottage—a white spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. "I will not go to seek them—that would be tempting Providence—and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here, and pray for their souls!" Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold—and unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulness of all trouble in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright burning hearth—and the Bible, which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her agony, remained clasped in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than 6 months—and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills, looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey, a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. "I do not like the night," said William—"there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the birch tree linn, and it may be down to the Black Moss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two sheep dogs, that had taken their place under the long table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black Moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch Burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish—he had often passed the night among the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him; and as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost. As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him

in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with phrensy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fireside—at work—in the kirk—on holidays—at prayers—bringing supper to his aged parents—smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meals to him among the hills—and he now found that though he had never talked to her about love, except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father or mother or his own soul. "I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, "or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth." A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow flakes whirled so fiercely round his head that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward shouting aloud and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well trained dogs over the snow in all directions—repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee," that the dumb animals might in their sagacity know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning, (and it is probable they did) and were eager to find in her bewilderment the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay that in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfall. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely and afraid to leave its master—while the other was mute, and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time that the youth had been sorely tried—all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart—and at once the sole object which had blessed his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay, cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. "God," he then thought, "has forsaken me—and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death." God thought both of him and Hannah—and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer—and he revered the Sabbath day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human be-

ing bears to another, in his frailty—even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another—and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence and truth. That she should perish was a thought so dreadful, that, in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being—"blow—blow—blow—and drift us up forever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah, Hannah—think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us."

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear—but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is yet alive, thank God!"—and as that expression left his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse: "I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us—I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child." The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow creature, in whose hand was the power of life and death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an up-breaking and departing storm, gathered about him—his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of God who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream, "Send the ribbon that ties up my hair, as a keepsake to William Grieve." "She thinks that she is on her death bed, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not now die, and that, under His grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into hers; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired, where she was, and what fearful catastrophe had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to

walk, and as her young master carried her along, she murmured, "O William! what if my father be in the moor? For if you, who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm." As she spoke, it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet, were all driving about the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father, Father," cried Hannah—and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and prest through the snow-wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured—but each judged of the other's suffering from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their death beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her colour and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be called—felt her heart gently beating against her side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness—and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty—when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the Cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate—and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully—naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within—no footstep came to the door, which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright, that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to worse; for there, upon the hard clay floor, lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure, three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still—so was her heart—her face pale and sunken—and her body cold as ice. "I have recovered a daughter," said the old man, "but I have lost a wife;" and he carried her with a groan to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was

and who had hitherto been able to support herself in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, too, now swooned away, and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed, indeed, that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage and by the fire side. The husband knelt down by the bed side, and held his wife's icy hands in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awe stricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly an end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master, in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of God that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in the breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream had touched her brain, and when she opened her eyes, which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recal to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she beheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bed side, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temples reclined. But she knew from the white steadfast countenances before her that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship—and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread, and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal partaken of in silent thankfulness. The whole story of the night was then calmly recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen Scrae upon the Black Moss, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and

Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them—and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer, who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about in his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden still called him her young master—but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"My father will think I am lost," said he, with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendour—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger there was none over the placid night scene—the happy youth soon crossed the Black Moss, now perfectly still—and, perhaps, just as he was passing, with a shudder of gratitude, the very spot where his sweet Hannah Lee had so nearly perished, she was lying down to sleep in her innocence, or dreaming of one now dearer to her than all on earth but her parents.

EREMUS.

From "Sketches of Travels in Sicily, Italy and France," by John James, M. D.

February 24.

"The weather being very fine we started for Portici at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of ascending Vesuvius. Twenty or thirty men crowded around us as soon as we dismissed our cabriolet, offering horses, donkeys, and guides for the mountain. As no one had arrived before us, we were able to make a good selection of horses, and immediately commenced the ascent. From Portici to the foot of the steep cone of Vesuvius, where we left our horses, is about three miles. The road is neither steep nor difficult, but winds through a volcanic tract, which in many places is susceptible of high cultivation. Where the fields of lava are of recent date, they are uniformly barren.

We left our horses at an hermitage, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, to the summit of which is just a mile. This we found tedious and difficult, but were every moment compensated for our toil, by the consciousness of approaching nearer and nearer to the great object of our curiosity and by the extensive views of the surrounding country, expanding and varying with our ascent. For forty or fifty rods, our feet sunk deep into the loose cinders, which rendered our progress extremely slow and laborious. We then got upon a ridge of solid lava continuing in a direct line to the summit; upon this we climbed quite to the top, and rested on the side of the large crater which forms the summit of the mountain. In its ordinary state there is a small cone rising in the centre of the large crater, but at present two, which are constantly throwing up smoke and lava. The large crater includes an area of 5 or 6 acres. The bases of the two small cones are in contact. They are from 150 to 200 feet in height, and 500 in circumference.

"From one a thick smoke constantly ascends, but increases at intervals with an explosion like a discharge of cannon, accompanied by an emission of smoke. In the other crater there is less smoke, but a louder explosion, and a greater quantity of fused matter thrown up at every eruption. At the base of this cone is a fissure, from which lava is constantly flowing, but it creeps along so slowly that we could but just discover its motion. The surface of this mass is so nearly cooled that we could stand upon it in safety. We ascended to the brink of the other crater, and looked for a moment into the horrible abyss; but could remain only a moment, as it was necessary to reach the bottom of the cone before the next explosion. When this had passed, and the lava projected into the air had fallen like a shower around us, all was again quiet. "Should we ascend a second time to the appalling brink?" After some time admiral Ferrier declined, and our guide, willing to avoid the toil of running up the steep ascent, and retreating so hastily over the loose scoria, pretended that the attempt was hazardous.

"The explosions took place at intervals of about five minutes. After assuring myself that they were nearly regular as to time, I was satisfied there was no danger, and went again and again to the brink of the crater. If I reached the spot soon after an explosion, the dense smoke which fills the cavern, was so agitated and broken, that I could see the boiling lake of fire two

or three hundred feet below me extending in all directions.

"The inside of the crater is shaped like an hollow cone, and grows wider as it descends. Though the circumference of its mouth is not more than two hundred feet, the surface of the red hot lava below is three or four times as large, and extended under the spot where I stood. There is a kind of shelf formed by the lava on the inside of the mouth of the crater, which I perceived would afford an excellent view, if it were strong enough to bear my weight. To ascertain whether it was safe to stand upon it, I descended to the bottom of the cone and took a large block of lava, and after the next explosion, hastened up, and threw it with considerable force upon the shelf before mentioned. It proved quite firm, and I directly trusted myself upon it, within a few inches of the crater: I held with one hand by a crag of lava, and could stoop over, so as to look down upon the wonders and horrors of this dreadful abyss. As the smoke was occasionally moved by the gases ascending from the cavern, the lava became visible. Sometimes I could see only a small part shining with a dark lurid flame, half obscured by the vapour; again I had a momentary view of a vast uneven surface, which seemed in some places perfectly fused, and in others covered with black scoria, which only allowed a glimmer of light to pass through it. I could stand here a minute and a half, possibly two minutes, when the noise of the crater would increase with a loud hissing, like that produced by steam escaping through the valves of an engine, warning me that an explosion was about to take place. Each explosion was attended with a deafening sound, though unlike a report of cannon, musquetry, or any thing else I ever heard; and threw into the air an immense quantity of lava, which fell back into the cavern, and around its mouth. Being projected many hundred feet into the air in a state of fusion, the lava is divided into innumerable fragments, and usually falls to the ground in small pieces, so much cooled as to be black. Some fragments, however, are very large, and so hot as to spread over the scoria upon which it falls. I presume some of the largest masses of this kind which fell near the mouth of the crater would weigh two or three tons. When standing near the base of the cone this lava frequently fell near us, so much fused that we could indent it with our sticks. In the deep fissures under our feet we could see the red hot lava, and

a stick might be thrust down, in many places where it was entirely safe to walk, which when withdrawn would be found smoking or burned to a coal. The same phenomena were repeated after every explosion, but a great quantity of smoke or steam was constantly escaping with the most appalling and unnatural sound. Unnatural, because unlike the roar of winds and waters, or any other sounds which from our being accustomed to them, have lost their terrors. The explosions are constantly varying in force, in duration; and in the quantity of matter which they project from the crater. The explosions are doubtless caused by the bursting of the half congealed surface of the lava. Perhaps the lava has an action in itself depending upon its heat, like melted metal in a crucible; or that in consequence of its approach to the surface, and the consequent diminution of pressure, gases become extricated, which cause a boiling motion, and break through its hardened surface.

"The difference of sound as well as the quantity of matter ejected, may be explained by supposing the congealed surface to burst in different places. Sometimes nearly the whole force of the explosion is expended upon the sides of the cavern, and no lava is thrown out; when again, the eruption is perpendicular to the opening, the lava is thrown to an immense height, and the sound of course differs from the last. This succession of reports or explosions has been noticed in all volcanoes, but I have never seen it satisfactorily explained; our repeated observation of the varieties of sound, as well as all the appearances of the cavern, convince us that it must depend upon the above causes.

"The light emitted by the lava is of the same dark red and intense appearance, as we observed at Strombolo, and is the effect of heat alone, not of destructive combustion. The aspect of every thing around the crater; the black and barren waste filled only with volcanic productions, and obscured with clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the constant unearthly sound of the volcano, reminded us of Milton's description of chaos—

"The womb of nature and perhaps her grave."

HORNE ON THE SCRIPTURES.

The excellent work which is here reviewed, is, we are happy to see, advertised for republication by Messrs. Wells and Lilly, of Boston.—Subscriptions will be received at this office.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Review of "An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures." By Thomas Hartwell Horne, A. M. Illustrated with Maps and Fac Similes of Biblical Manuscripts.

It is saying much—yet, as far as our knowledge of biblical works extends, not too much to assert of these volumes, that they constitute the most important theological publication of their kind, which has appeared in this or any other country for some years. It is quite impossible for us to give a critical review of their numerous contents; the mere table of which would occupy a considerable article. We should be glad, would our limits admit, to draw up a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of their chapters, each of which would furnish ample subjects for an interesting review. It is, however, the less necessary to be thus minute, as the work *must* eventually make its way to publicity. No well assorted theological library can be long without it; and even those students in divinity, whose pecuniary resources are too limited to admit of wanton expenditure, would do well, even on the score of economy, to include these volumes in the list of their library. We say even on the score of economy, because Mr. Horne has contrived to condense and concentrate in two large octavo volumes, the real information of many quartos and folios; and what is not of less importance, he has furnished such numerous and minute references to his authorities as must be of very extensive service to those who desire to obtain more detailed information.

The work consists of three parts. Part the first contains a concise view of the geography of Palestine, and of the political, religious, moral, and civil state of the Jews, illustrating the principal events recorded in the Bible. Part the second presents a copious investigation of the principles of scripture interpretation, and their application to the historical, prophetic, typical, doctrinal, and moral parts of the sacred writings. Part the third is appropriated to an analysis of the Bible; including an account of the canon of scripture; together with critical prefaces and synopses to each book. An appendix is subjoined, containing an account of the principal manuscripts, and editions of the Old and New Testaments.

The first part consists of seven chapters. The first treats of the physical geography of the Holy Land; the second of its political divisions; the third of its metropolitan city; the fourth of the political state of the Israelites and Jews, from the patriarchal times to the subversion of the Jewish polity; the fifth of the ecclesiastical state; the sixth of their moral and religious condition during the time of Jesus Christ; and the seventh of the Jewish and Roman modes of computing time, with the remarkable aras of the Jews, &c. It is unnecessary to give citations from an abridgment of this kind; but those who wish for condensed information on the above-mentioned topics may meet with it here, in a well arranged and satisfactory form. The chapter on the ecclesiastical state of the Jews is particularly useful.

The second part, on "The Interpretation of Scripture," consists of dissertations on the senses of scripture, the signification of words

and phrases, the subsidiary means of ascertaining the sense of scripture, (as the Hebrew, the Greek, the Chaldee, the Syriac, the Arabic, and Ethiopic languages, the ancient versions of scripture analogy, scholiasts, &c.) the figurative language of scripture, reconciling apparent contradictions, on the quotations in the New Testament, historical interpretation of scripture, interpretation of miracles, spiritual interpretation, doctrinal interpretation, moral interpretation, promises and threatenings, inferential or practical reading, and commentaries. We could select many passages worthy of quotation from this highly interesting portion of Mr. Horne's volumes. The following extract, on the necessity of attending to the scope of the sacred writings, will illustrate the mode in which Mr. Horne works up his sections, and may be of use to those who are in the habit of catching at detached and imperfect passages, instead of taking a large view of the general design of the writer.

"A consideration of the scope, or design which the inspired author of any of the books of scripture had in view, essentially facilitates the study of the Bible: because, as every writer had some design which he proposed to unfold, and as it is not to be supposed that he would express himself in terms foreign to that design, it therefore is but reasonable to admit, that he made use of such words and phrases as were every way suited to his purpose.

"The scope of a book of scripture, as well as of any particular section or passage, is to be collected from the writer's express mention of it; from its known occasion; from some conclusion expressly added at the end of an argument; from history; from attention to its general tenor, to the main subject and tendency of the several topics, and to the force of the leading expressions; and especially from repeated, studious, and connected perusals of the book itself.

"1. When the scope of a small book, or of any particular portion of it, is expressly mentioned by the sacred writer, it should be carefully observed.

"Of all criteria this is the most certain, by which to ascertain the scope of a book. Sometimes it is mentioned at its commencement, or towards its close, and sometimes it is intimated in other parts of the same book, rather obscurely perhaps, yet in such a manner that a diligent and attentive reader may readily ascertain it. Thus the scope and end of the whole Bible, collectively, is contained in its manifold utility, which St. Paul expressly states in 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17, and also Rom. xv. 4. In like manner the royal author of Ecclesiastes announces pretty clearly, at the beginning of his book, the subject he intends to discuss, viz. to show that all human affairs are vain, uncertain, frail, and imperfect; and, such being the case, he proceeds to inquire, 'What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?' (Eccl. i. 2, 3.) And towards the close of the same book (ch. xii. 8.) he repeats the same subject, the truth of which he had proved by experience. So in the commencement of the book of Proverbs, Solomon distinctly announces their scope, (ch. i. 1-4, 6.)—'The Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel—to know wisdom and instruction, to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of

wisdom, justice, judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion; to understand a proverb and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings.' St. John also, towards the close of his gospel, announces his object in writing it to be, 'That ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.' Therefore, all those discourses of our Lord, which are recorded almost exclusively by this evangelist and apostle, are to be read and considered with reference to this particular design: and, if this circumstance be kept in view, they will derive much additional force and beauty.

"2. The scope of the sacred writer may be ascertained from the known occasion on which his book was written.

"Thus, in the time of the apostles, there were many who disseminated errors, and defended Judaism: hence it became necessary that the apostles should frequently write against these errors, and oppose the defenders of Judaism. Such was the occasion of Saint Peter's Second Epistle: and this circumstance will also afford a key by which to ascertain the scope of many of the other epistolary writings. Of the same description also were many of the parables delivered by Jesus Christ. When any question was proposed to him, or he was reproached for holding intercourse with publicans and sinners, he availed himself of the occasion to reply or to defend himself by a parable. Sometimes, also, when his disciples laboured under any mistakes, he kindly corrected their erroneous notions by parables.

"The inscriptions prefixed to many of the Psalms, though some of them are evidently spurious, and consequently to be rejected, frequently indicate the occasion on which they were composed, and thus reflect considerable light upon their scope. Thus the scope of the 18th, 34th, and 3d Psalms is illustrated from their respective inscriptions, which distinctly assert upon what occasions they were composed by David. In like manner, many of the prophecies, which would otherwise be obscure, become perfectly clear when we understand the circumstances on account of which the predictions were uttered.

"3. The express conclusion added by the writer at the end of an argument, demonstrates his general scope.

"Thus, in Rom. iii. 28, after a long discussion, Saint Paul adds this conclusion: 'Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.' Hence we perceive with what design the whole passage was written, and to which all the rest is to be referred. The conclusions interspersed through the epistles may easily be ascertained by means of the particles, 'wherefore,' 'seeing that,' 'therefore,' 'then,' &c. as well as by the circumstances directly mentioned or referred to. The principal conclusions, however, must be separated from those which are of comparatively less importance, and subordinate to the former. Thus, in the epistle to Philemon, our attention must chiefly be directed to verses 8, 17, whence we collect that Saint Paul's design or scope was to reconcile Onesimus (who had been a runaway slave) to his master, and to restore him to the

latter, a better person than he had before been. In the epistle to the Ephesians, the principal conclusions are ch. ii. 11. 12, and ch. iv. 1, 3. The subordinate or less principal conclusions are ch. i. 15. iii. 13. iv. 17, 25. v. 1, 7, 15, 17, and vi. 13, 14.

"4. The scope of a passage may further be known from history. For instance, we learn from history, that during the time of the apostles there were numerous errors disseminated; and therefore they wrote many passages in their epistles with the express design of refuting such errors. An acquaintance with these historical particulars will enable us to determine with accuracy the scope of entire books as well as of detached passages.

"5. A knowledge of the time when a book was written, and also of the state of the church at that time, will indicate the scope or intention of the author in writing such book.

"Thus the epistle of St. James was written about the year of Christ 61, at which time the Christians were suffering persecution, and probably (as appears from ch. ii. 6. and ch. v. 6.) not long before the apostle's martyrdom; which, bishop Pearson thinks, happened A. D. 62, in the eighth year of Nero's reign, when the destruction of the Jewish temple and polity was impending (James v. 1. 8.) At the period referred to, there were in the church certain professing Christians, who, in consequence of the sanguinary persecution then carried on against them both by Jews and Gentiles, were not only declining in faith and love, and indulging various sinful practices—for instance, undue respect of persons, (chapter ii. verse 1. et seq.) contempt of their poor brethren, (chapter ii. verse 9. et seq.) and unbridled freedom of speech, (chapter iii. verse three, et seq.) but who also most shamefully abused to licentiousness the grace of God, which in the gospel is promised to the penitent; and, disregarding holiness, boasted of a faith destitute of its appropriate fruits, viz. of a bare assent to the doctrines of the gospel, and boldly affirmed that this inoperative and dead faith was alone sufficient to obtain salvation, (chapter ii. verse 17. et seq.) Hence we may easily perceive that the apostle's scope was not to treat of the doctrine of justification; but, the state of the church requiring it, to correct those errors in doctrine, and those sinful practices which had crept into the church, and particularly to expose that fundamental error of a dead faith unproductive of good works. This observation further shows the true way of reconciling the supposed contradiction between the apostles Paul and James, concerning the doctrine of salvation by faith.

"6. If, however, none of these subsidiary aids present itself, it only remains that we repeatedly and diligently study the entire book, as well as the whole subject, and carefully ascertain the scope from them, before we attempt an examination of any particular text." pp. 346—351.

We select the following passage for quotation, chiefly because it may tend to counteract the irreverent and blasphemous assertions which have lately been permitted to contaminate our courts of judicature, and have circulated, by means of the periodical press, to every quarter of the land. Our ordinary newspapers, in reporting the late trials for blasphemy, have been

the vehicles of conveying the poison, without the antidote, to circles where it would otherwise never have reached. It was not to be expected that judges and lawyers should attempt to unweave the web of sophistry, which a junto of infidels had so artfully woven. The place did not become it; the occasion did not require it; and without any impeachment of the general religious information of the bar or the bench, it may be very naturally supposed that, even had the occasion authorized such a detailed reply, men devoted to legal pursuits would not have been able at the moment to furnish it. The technical parts of divinity, as much as the technical parts of law, require a line of study peculiar to themselves. An artful objector may therefore be able to bring forward a number of apparent difficulties, which many sincere Christians and good scholars may not have it in their power, *at the moment*, to solve. The objector may be aware that his cavil has been frequently and triumphantly refuted; but, relying upon the surprise of the moment, he brings it forward once more: his object is answered, if it circulate; because, though the reply *may* be in readiness, it is to the full, as probable it is not; and whether it be or not, something is gained when even a question is raised upon subjects which ought to be above suspicion. It is so much easier to pull down than to build up, that the experiment of giving circulation to the objections raised by designing men against scripture is seldom a safe one, even where the answer is argumentatively conclusive. A wise man will not be anxious to try how much arsenic his constitution will bear; nor will a prudent Christian instructor be willing to obtrude on his auditory the objections of sceptics, in order to prove how satisfactorily he can confute them. The objection is often understood where the reply is incomprehensible; or is remembered when the solution is forgotten. We have often remarked how few of the infidel objections to scripture are strictly of their own moulding. We never yet knew a deist who had studied the sacred writings with sufficient attention to discover their weak points, if there had been any to discover. Most of the alleged incongruities which these men so ostentatiously display are stolen from the pages of Christian advocates and commentators. Learned men, who have grown gray in devout studies, who have perused the word of God with uninterrupted attention, and have compared, time after time, all its minute statements, having discovered *apparent* difficulties and their solution, have given them to the world with the best of motives. Infidels, availing themselves of these discoveries, and disingenuously keeping back the answer, contrive to give a show of argument to what would be otherwise mere declamation. But to proceed to our extract—

"Notwithstanding it is generally admitted that the holy scriptures breathe a spirit of the purest and most diffusively benevolent morality; yet there are some passages which have been represented as giving countenance to immorality. Such of these as more immediately refer to the law of Moses have already been incidentally noticed: it now remains to mention a few characters, facts, and precepts, which, though apparently repugnant to, are perfectly reconcileable with, morality.

"1. The characters and conduct of men, whom we find in all other respects commended in the scriptures, are in some respects faulty: but these are, in such instances, by no means proposed for our imitation, and consequently give no sanction whatever to immorality: for several of these faults are either expressly condemned, or are briefly related or mentioned as a matter of fact, without any intimation that they are either to be commended or imitated. Besides, the mere narration of any action, implies neither the approbation nor the censure of it, but only declares that such a thing was done, and in such a manner, and the not concealing of these shows the simplicity and impartiality of the sacred writers; who spare no person whomsoever, even when they are themselves concerned, even though the thing related should redound their own disgrace; as in Peter's denial of Christ (Matt. xxvi. 69, &c. and parallel passages;) Paul's dispute with Peter (Gal. ii. 11—14;) and Paul's excuse of himself (Acts xxiii. 5.)

"2. In the Old Testament, David is called the 'man after God's own heart:' does the scripture then authorize adultery and murder? By no means. For these crimes the monarch was punished: he was dear to Jehovah, because he forwarded the interests of pure religion, notwithstanding all temptations to idolatry and superstition: this was what God chiefly intended, for the principal conduct in the governors of his chosen people. In the New Testament, we meet with no encouragement to immorality. Our Saviour commended the conduct of the unjust steward (Luke xvi. 1—12:) but did he thereby countenance injustice? By no means. He favoured prudence and uniformity of conduct: the commendation was bestowed on the steward because he had done wisely, and spiritual prudence ought to keep pace with temporal prudence.

"3. Again, visiting the sins of the fathers upon their children, (Exod. xx 5, 6.) has been charged as injustice: but this objection appears, the moment we are convinced that the reward and punishment here intended, are confined to the outward circumstances of prosperity and distress in the present life; because, if (as was the case) such a sanction were necessary in the particular system by which God thought fit to govern the Jewish people, it is evident that any inequality as to individuals, would be certainly and easily remedied in a future life (as in the particular instances recorded in Num. xvi. 27—33, and Josh. vii. 24;) so that each should receive his final reward exactly according to his true appearance in the sight of God, and 'thus the Judge of all the earth do right.'

"4. The objection that God's commanding of the Israelites (Exod. iii. 22. xii. 35.) to borrow from the Egyptians what they never intended to restore, is not only an act of injustice, but favours theft, is obviated by rendering the Hebrew verb (*shaal*) asked or demanded, agreeably to its proper and literal meaning, which is given to it in all the ancient versions, as well as in every modern translation, our own excepted.

"5. The extirpation of the Canaanites by the Jews, according to the divine command, is

urged as an act of the greatest cruelty and injustice: but this objection falls to the ground when it is considered—First, that Palestine had, from time immemorial, been a land occupied by Hebrew herdsmen, without being in subjection to any one, or acknowledging the Canaanites as their masters (who certainly were not the original possessors of the land, but dwelt on the Red Sea;) and that the Israelites, who had never abandoned their right to it, claimed it again of the Canaanites as unlawful possessors. But secondly, it is a notorious fact, that these latter were an abominably wicked people. It is needless to enter into any proof of the depraved state of their morals: they were a wicked people in the time of Abraham; and even then were devoted to destruction by God; but their iniquity was not then full. In the time of Moses they were idolaters; sacrificers of their own crying and smiling infants; devourers of human flesh; addicted to unnatural lusts; immersed in the filthiness of all manner of vice. Now, it will be impossible to prove, that it was a proceeding contrary to God's moral justice to exterminate so wicked a people. He made the Israelites the executors of his vengeance; and, in doing this, he gave such an evident and terrible proof of his abomination of vice, as could not fail to strike the surrounding nations with astonishment and terror, and to impress on the minds of the Israelites what they were to expect, if they followed the example of the nations whom he commanded them to cut off.

"6. It is said that many passages of the Old Testament ascribe to God vicious passions and actions: but, these objections cease when such passages are interpreted figuratively, as they ought to be, and when all those other passages of the Bible are duly considered, which most evidently convey the sublimest ideas of the Divine Majesty.

"7. It has also been said, that the song of Solomon, and parts of Ezekiel's prophecy, contain passages offensive to common decency; but this objection will fall, by interpreting those parts allegorically, as almost all the commentators, from the earliest times, have unanimously done: and likewise, by considering that the simplicity of the eastern nations made these phrases less offensive to them than they appear to us.

"8. Lastly, it is asserted, that the imprecations contained in some of the prophetic parts of scripture, and especially in the book of Psalms, are highly inconsistent with humanity: these, however, are to be considered not as prayers, but as simple predictions; the imperative mood being put for the future tense, agreeably to the idiom of the Hebrew language. The Hebrew texts express no kind of wish, but are only so many denunciations of the displeasure of God against those who either were, or should be guilty of the sins therein mentioned, and of the judgments which they must expect to be inflicted upon them, unless prevented by a timely and sincere repentance. And, agreeably to this view, the sacred texts should have been rendered 'cursed they,' or 'cursed are they,' and not 'cursed be they,' in the sense of, let them be cursed; the word 'be,' though inserted in our translation, having nothing answerable to it in the Hebrew. It is further worthy of re-

mark, that the imprecations in the hundred and ninth Psalm, are not the imprecations of David against his enemies, but of his enemies against him."—pp. 471—474.

The third part of Mr. Horne's work, entitled "On the Analysis of Scripture," is equally elaborate with the former parts. The author enters into a full yet succinct account of the canon of the Old and New Testaments, with an analysis of each book. Critical notices like these are chiefly interesting in their connexion, and will scarcely bear removing from their context. To give extracts would only verify the ancient fable of bringing a brick to market, by way of sample of a house. The excellence of Mr. Horne's work does not consist in original passages of peculiar merit, which may be detached with impunity from the spot in which they are imbedded; but in his ability in sketching a bold and comprehensive outline, and gradually filling it up with the rich and varied matter contained in the numerous volumes, which he states himself to have been in the habit of consulting and analyzing for seventeen years, with this express object in view. For particular information, we must refer our readers to the book itself; which, either as a work of reference or for regular perusal, is, we think, honestly deserving of the commendation we have bestowed. The appendix contains a variety of interesting notices relative to the Jewish calendar; the commentators and biblical critics of eminence; the Hebraisms of the New Testament; biblical manuscripts; principal editions of the scriptures, various readings, &c.; to which are added a profane history of the East, tables of moneys, weights and measures, chronological tables, with copious indices to the whole. We sincerely wish Mr. Horne the blessing of God upon his laborious exertions, which, we trust, will greatly facilitate the critical study of the sacred scriptures.

We cannot conclude our remarks without recommending for dispersion a recent tract by the same author, entitled "Deism Refuted, or plain Reasons for being a Christian."* It appears well calculated to oppose the blasphemous tenets which have given so just an alarm to every sincere Christian.

TO THE EDITORS.

I send you a collection of essays written in a lively plain style, and shall be glad if you will reprint one occasionally. I bought the book at auction, and the *auctioneer* told us, that the pieces were written by Dr. Franklin. This is not good authority, but your readers may believe it if they will.

The Prompter—No. 1.

A BELLows.

A bellows is a very useless piece of household furniture! The blacksmith and silversmith must have a bellows; but in a family there is no need of a bellows. Dr. Franklin has said, *time is money*. The Prompter says, *common sense is money*. If wood is so laid upon the hearth, that it will

not burn as well *without* blowing as *with* it, the man who lays it, is not the wiser for experience, nor has he improved by facts within his daily observation.

My friend, Jack Lounger, puts his coals and brands on the hearth, and piles the wood above; then goes to work with the bellows. He blows till the room is full of smoke—he makes a little blaze—he stops—the blaze subsides—then he plies the bellows till he is quite vexed—the fire takes its own time—nature will not be hurried.

Billy Trim, with the same advantages for improvement, has attended more to the principles of nature. He lays a forestick near the log, but not contiguous to it—he places the brands of fire and large coals on the top, leaving small openings of half an inch or an inch, then lays wood loosely over the coals. The ashes below are removed—a current of air ascends—the fire brightens, and soon enkindles into a flame. Billy Trim call this "Nature's bellows"—every person can make it—it costs nothing—*common sense is money*.

From the New York American.

"Quien no te conoce, que te compre!"

The following anecdote gives the origin of the above Spanish proverb.

Two robbers, passing over the Sierra Morena, observed a peasant leading an ass, which they supposed might be worth possessing. Not wishing to injure the owner, and at the same time to amuse themselves at his expense, one slyly slipped the halter from the animal's head, and put it over his own, while the other led the beast among the bushes. This passed unobserved by the peasant, whose astonishment may be easily conceived, when, on turning, he found that he was leading a human being—"Madre de Dios!" he exclaimed, "who are you?" "You see before you," said the robber, "the ass that you just now possessed; a few years since I was changed from a man to that animal, for many crimes I had committed, and you are aware that I have been well punished. Many are the blows that I still feel which you have inflicted on my carcase, and many are the nights I have laid upon the bare ground, without even a thistle or decayed olive for my supper; but through the intercession of the Virgin, and the saint who presides over my destiny, I have again resumed my natural shape, *gracias a Dios*."

The peasant, firmly believing in mira-

* This work has been published at this office.

cles, embraced him with tears in his eyes, and insisted upon his going home with him to his cottage. "Wife," said the peasant, "you see before you the poor ass, over whose back you have broken so many broomsticks, whose labour has been so beneficial to us, now changed to his original form, having been metamorphosed for crimes which he owns having committed, but now forgiven. Ask his friendship, and let him depart with the blessing of God."

Some weeks after, the peasant and the robber who had taken possession of the ass, met at the same fair; the former to replace the animal so miraculously taken from him, which the latter wished to sell. But what was the astonishment of the peasant when, among others, his own animal was offered. Supposing it to be the man he had introduced to his wife, again changed for some offence committed subsequent to their parting, he put on a wise look, and addressing the ass, said, "No, no, my good fellow, you will not catch me again, vaya vmd. con Dios, 'Quien no te conoce, que te compre'—let him who is not acquainted with you buy you."

Patent Gridiron.—Mr. Lodowick Foddick, of New London, has invented a gridiron, which combines economy with excellence and neatness in cooking. The great advantage it has over the common gridiron now in use, is, that all the juices of the meats, (commonly called gravy) cooked upon it, instead of falling into the fire, are received in hollow bars, and from them conducted into a tin pan. All the greasy smoke, therefore, which imparts a bad flavour to the meat, is wholly avoided. Attached to the hinder bars is a tin reflector, which prevents much of the heat from escaping, and thereby facilitates the cooking. The pan and reflector can both be removed from the gridiron at pleasure. All who have used them do not hesitate to bear testimony in their favour. They can be seen at Hyde & Bantas' store, 93 Maiden lane. [*N. Y. Post.*]

The Times, the largest newspaper in London, is struck off both sides at once, by steam power. Several thousand copies are struck off in 2½ hours.

Anecdote.—A gentleman in Surry had a farm worth 200*l.* per annum, which he kept in his own hands; but running out every year, he was necessitated to sell half of it

to pay his debts, and let the rest go to a farmer, for one and twenty years.

Before the time expired, the farmer, one day bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land. "Why," said the gentleman, "will you buy it?" "Yes, if it please you," said the farmer. "How," returned he, "that's strange! Tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much, being my own; and you, upon the half, though you have paid rent for it are able to buy it!" "Oh! sir," said the farmer, "but two words make the difference: You said *go*, and I said, *come*." "What's the meaning of that?" says the gentleman. "Why, sir," replied the other, "you lay in bed or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business: and I rose betimes, and saw my business done myself."

[*London paper.*]

Poetry.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following affecting Song is one of those written by Moore, for the 2d number of *National Melodies*:

Then fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love,
The pain of parting thus—
Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love,
The deep, deep pain of this.
But no, alas!—we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chas'd it all away, dear love,
And chas'd it all away!
Yet e'en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love,
Than years of mirth apart.
Farewell—our hope was born in fears,
And nurs'd mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love,
Like them in tears it sets.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

Subscriptions to the *National Recorder* may commence at any time, though it is desirable that they should begin with a volume: they may be withdrawn at the close of any volume, provided notice be sent before any part of the next volume shall have been forwarded. Payment to be made in July of each year for the whole year. Such as begin with the second volume of any year, to pay for that volume on the first of January following.

Patent Machine Paper of J. & T. Gilpin, Brandywine.

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